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O D E
TO THE
LEGISLATOR ELECT
OF
R U S S I A.

[Price One Shilling.]

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OF
LEGISLATOR EFFECT
TO THE
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Price One Shilling

O D E
TO THE
LEGISLATOR ELECT
OF
R U S S I A,

Dr Brown

On his being prevented from entering on his high

Office of CIVILIZATION,

BY A

FIT *of the* GOUT.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. NICOLL, in St. Paul's Church Yard. 1766.

August.

OF THE

LEGISLATIVE

REPORT

On his being prevented from attending on his duty

Office of CIVILIZATION

BY A

WITNESSED

W. W. W.

11

Printed for W. W. W.

O D E
TO THE
LEGISLATOR ELECT
O F
R U S S I A.

I.
O H thou! who, thron'd in priestly state,
Once took the pains to estimate
Our manners and our times;
Who held the scales, like epic Jove,
Thy country's nothingness to prove,
Accept these homely rhymes.

B

II.

II.

Yet, pitying its *etourderie*,
 Did teach it what was Liberty,
 What Licence, and what Faction;
 And shew'd it plain, past all dispute,
 That not t' obey the nod of *B. & C.*
 Was a rebellious action.

III.

Yet was that truant country still
 No whit reform'd in word or will;
 Incurable as Saul,
 They saw thee preach, sing, caper high,
 Yet scorn'd thee so, they would not cry
 To nail thee to the wall.

IV.

This *Russia* heard—I'm much to blame,
 'Twas *all the Russias* heard thy fame,
 And prick'd their flapping ears;
 Sent compliments, and humbly ask'd
 You'd condescend to take the task
 Of taming their He-Bears.

V.

V.

- “ Their Bears (you cry’d) why be it so,
 “ A Bear’s a beast, as times now go,
 “ Better to tame than man.
 “ Men I have try’d with prose and ode,
 “ And now am drawing them a code—
 “ These Bears shall have the plan.

VI.

- “ A Preacher national I rose,
 “ Demonstrating to Friends and Foes,
 “ Our troops could only dance;
 “ Spite of my proofs they drew their swords,
 “ And, merely to gainsay my words,
 “ They *almost* conquer’d France.

VII.

- “ Yet still was my compassion shewn;
 “ To save their credit and my own
 “ I bruited thro’ the nation,
 “ That all their enterprizing spirit
 “ Was owing to th’ inspiring merit
 “ Of my bold exhortation.

Vain

VIII.

" Vain were my words, the rable-roust

" Did only sneer, and gibe and flout,

" As if they thought I ly'd.

" Therefore I give each mother's son,

" Up, as I've giv'n up *Wabarton*,

" And half my friends beside.

IX.

" Now fly abroad, ye red-stamp'd hofts!

" Ye Chronicles! ye Ev'ning-posts!

" Proclaim thro' all the land,

" That I in *Russia's* cause engage.

" Ye Curates! guard my vicarage,

" And eke my gown and band.

X.

" *Maubert*! as true as eloquent,

" Re-eccho from the continent

" The *roubles* I am paid;

" Tell in what splendid pomp I go

" From Resident to Plenipo'

" To give their Empress aid.

" And

“ And Thou, thy country’s Sire and Friend!

“ Whom forty-eight fleek Chaplains tend,

“ The Life-guards of thy soul,

“ I trust, tho’ late, wilt get to heav’n,

“ If for a while but forty-seven.

“ Are on the muster-roll.

XII.

“ Meanwhile, dread Empress! I to thee

“ Will *Solon*, will *Lycurgus* be,

“ And *Montesquieu* also.” —

But scarce these words were well got out,

When lo! a Dæmon, call’d the Gout,

Did tweak him by the toe.

XIII.

Come, patience, come, invok’d full oft,

And in our aid bring flannel soft

To wrap the peccant member;

Else (grief of griefs!) he cannot go:

For who would trust a gouty toe

In *Russia* in *November*?

C.

Not

XIV.

Not go! avert it, gracious Fate!
 What! not to save the *Russian* state,
 And be a Legislator?
 Old *Cincinnatus* left his plough,
 Tho' he had pecks of wheat to sow,
 When voted *Rome's* Dictator.

XV.

"But *Cincinnatus* was not lame,
 The case you see is not the same,
 And cannot be laid stress on."
 Quote we then *Pitt*, who once had worth,
 Was wise---a patriot---and so forth---
 E'en by your own confession.

XVI.

How oft has he on crutches twain
 Upborn, and in extremest pain,
 Limp'd to *St. Stephen's* chapel;
 There fought for many an aching hour
 'Gainst all the *Myrmidons* of power,
 'Who ne'er durst with him grapple.'

For-

XVII.

Forgetting all his spasms and cramps,
 He lately in th' affair of stamps
 Spoke like a very *Tully*,
 Preserv'd the colonies, convey'd
 Fresh spirits to expiring trade,
 And did his duty fully.

XVIII.

And still I'll hope (tho' Fools may flout)
 That this same *Pitt*, in spite of Gout,
 And (what is worse) of Peerage,
 Will do his best to save from fate,
 That leaky skiff we call the state,
 Now he is at the steerage.

F I N I S.

[11]

XVII.

Forgetting all his pains and sorrows,

The lady in the air of heaven

Spoke like a very child.

Rever'd the colonies, convey'd

Riches thence to expiring trade,

And did his duty fully.

XVIII.

And still, I'll hope (tho' looks may show)

That this same Pate in spite of Gout,

And what is worse) of Pectorage,

Will do his best to save from late,

That leaky ship we call the State,

Now he is at the Pectorage.

From Two Billings

F I N I S